UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLUME XXIX | CHICAGO, JUNE 23, 1892 | NUMBER 17

UNITY

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF RELIGION.

ESTABLISHED IN 1878.

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SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

Advertising, 12 cents per line; business notices 24 nts per line. Advertisements of book publishers ceived direct; other advertising through LORD & HOMAS, advertising agents, Chicago and New York. Readers of UNITY are requested to mention this per when answering advertisements.

harles H. Kerr & Co., Publishers,

175 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

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Editorial.

THE work of benefaction goes on for the new university, the latest gifts being $150,000 from Silas B. Cobb, and another of the same amount from Martin A. Ryerson. These rank with the generous donations of Marshall Field, Sidney Kent and the Ogden estate. Mr. Cobb's and Mr. Ryerson's gifts will be applied to the building fund, of $1,000,000 to be raised by the citizens of Chicago, and which has now reached the sum of $800,000.

A READER of UNITY writes, gently reproaching us for undue harshness in speaking of the work of the Nationalists as a "nostrum," offered for the cure of all social evils, and charges us with advocating a principle of Nationalism in an editorial note in our issue of June 9th, on "Many sales and small profits." Very likely. We have always admitted the partial truth of Nationalism, and believe it has a distinct and worthy part to play in the evolution of a higher social ideal; but think its adoption as a whole would hinder the coming of that ideal. The Nationalists have already taught us much, but we do not thus have reached a final solution of the problems on which they are engaged.

THE Unity Club of All Souls Church, Chicago, gave, as a postscript, to its winter's work, the first course of lectures in the University Extension work, and although the study season was at an end, the capacity of the audience room was packed to the utmost, and Professor Thwing's course of six lectures on "Electricity and Magnetism" was listened to with growing interest. How little do we yet appreciate the readiness of the world to be helped, the appetites of the human mind for information, the aptitude of society for culture. Let the ministers of our churches believe more in the possibilities of their constituents and their abilities to meet these possibilities.

THE graduation days are busy ones to the editors as well as to the readers of UNITY. The Senior was present at the commencement exercises of the Hillside Home School, which turned out seven boys and girls, nobly toned and worthily girded with an ethical earnestness that was promising. It was also his pleasure to deliver the address to the graduating class of the Michigan Military Academy at Orchard Lake. Twenty-one young men stepped forth who have studied geometry under the "red, white and blue," and have mingled their language [illegible] and the spinning his web in the willo[illegible] ideal to

"Very well," said their [illegible], "you may watch him for fiv[illegible] those who are willing to do battle on the fields of progress. It will be a long, long time before there is too much martial spirit in the fields of ethics, and too great an emphasis placed upon the heroic in the realms of the spirit.

IT was decided at the Geneva anniversary that all that was required to run a Unitarian church was "two women and a factotum." The factotum is supposed to be a man. His duty is a simple one in the description, but complex and trying in the execution. He is to keep things going. When the treasurer grows lax or discouraged, he drums up the negligent subscribers, those the treasurer is afraid to approach, for there are always such, though the treasurer is usually selected from the church's hardiest material, he takes in hand. If the janitor is sick, or has been misbehaving, as, not having a chance always to listen to the sermon, sometimes happens, the factotum is on hand to build the fire. At the church socials he introduces the strangers, waits on table, arrives first to see that things are in order, and is the last to turn out the gas and take his leave. The factotum will wear a brighter crown than the minister in that day when the crowns are distributed, but how unhappy he will be if there is no business on hand but the wearing of crowns. He has small talent for ornamentation, the factotum. He is good for nothing but some real use, and is happiest when a dozen other people have neglected their duty that he may do it for them, and keep his hands full.

DR. HIRSCH finds an example of the true preacher's type in Ezekiel, whose word to the watchman of Israel was one that charged him to warn the wicked from his way. The modern conception of the minister by no means demands so much, who is canvassed on the social and intellectual sides chiefly, without great regard to whether he is a man in earnest. It does not meet Dr. Hirsch's notion of a preacher, that he should be a mere academic teacher, prepared to discourse on "a thousand and one sciences" of which he understands little, and his congregation less. Still more repugnant is the idea that the pulpit is a means of entertainment that "the preacher must rival the actor." The best and most needed type is that presented in the bold but loving critic, the leader in mental paths, as paths of conduct, that few dare walk in, instructor in the highest truths he knows.

HORRIBLE as are the crimes connected with the recent lynching cases in the South, there is a certain measure of relief and providence in the occurrence of the same crime, followed by the same lawless act of punishment, in the state of New York. Though the case was of another black man, condemning his race anew in the popular mind, hindering its progress lamentably, still the subject is at least removed a degree from sectional prejudice. Bishop Fitzgerald is inclined to compound for, if not defend, the summary and illegal [illegible] NEW YORK, [illegible] follows [illegible] isfaction, the mone[illegible] too [illegible] ground [illegible] and [illegible] "outlaws a [illegible] who deserves no different treatment from what he receives. This is a kind of reasoning that is based on passion of another sort, albeit excusable and born of righteous wrath; but as unsafe here as elsewhere, shielded only by the enormity of the circumstances giving rise to it. It looks as if the peculiar troubles we are to suffer through the negro must be as long in the outgrowing as the weary years of social bondage which made him what he is. And is not that just?

Fatness or Clearness, Which?

We are well aware that a majority of those who voted for the supplementary resolution at the last session of the Western Unitarian Conference did so in the firm conviction that it added nothing to and detracted nothing from the ethical basis of the Conference adopted at Cincinnati in 1886 and confirmed in Chicago in 1887. These friends, in the main, greatly deplore the further discussion of the resolution. They voted for it in the hope that it would quiet and not raise discussions. In their votes and in this desire they were, and are, loyal to their own convictions and loyal to the principle of open fellowship in religious work, as they see it. We are aware that the recent utterances in these editorial columns and the publication of the discourse in our Church Door Pulpit department of this week give to many of these friends sincere pain.

We are not unmindful of the anxious solicitations of those friends who deplore the delivery and still more the publication of the sermon. It pains us to wound our friends. It is fair to say that we publish these utterences against the advice and solicitations of true and respected friends; but we can not believe that it will be at the cost of any real strength to the Conference, or true harmony between the various workers within its limits. However much it may be deplored, it is already apparent that the "*something*" added which made it possible for those who have withheld their cooperation from the Conference for the last few years to think again of renewing, is declared by the leaders of those who carried the resolution to being "*nothing at all.*"

Thus, unwittingly, the clearness of the old Cincinnati position has been blurred by its friends, blurred, too, in the hope of adding to its strength and efficiency, and of bringing greater harmony to the Conference. It was expected that, without compromise of the position, an added fatness might be secured in the way of more funds, more workers and more strength. If instead it will cause again a thorough re-examination of the fundamental points at issue and lead more to see as clearly, and state as forcibly, the fundamental differences as it has led Mr. Judy in his parish sheet, "Religion, Old and New," we will not deplore this discussion. We can not believe that the friends of the Conference will have anything but thanks and comradeship for all those who sincerely with them seek clearness rather than fatness, plainness rather than ambiguity. These can only be secured by a thorough discussion of the fundamental question—Is an ethical basis compatible with a theological one? Can both positions be maintained at once? Is the thought of God that is in any way consistent with the word "theistic," historically co-extensive and co-terminal with the thought of right? Are the boundaries of *ethics* identical with the boundaries of *theology?* If not, then those who seek the largest basis must be content with the fundamental insistence of the larger one and the glad enjoyment of the other within these abundant limits. Instead of the disaster predicted from this discussion, the ruin, or something like it, which some of our solicitous friends predict for UNITY and its unguarded editors, we look for sweeter companionship, nobler cooperation.

At any rate, while UNITY remains under the present management, our readers will be not at all surprised to know that, with or without the confidence of Unitarian organizations and Unitarian men and women, with or without *success* to any Conference, church or minister, or our own subscription list, we must continue to battle for *freedom, fellowship and character in religion* as being more fundamental than any of the high words of Christian dogma or Christian history. We shall continue to advocate the possibility of organizing devout, consecrated, genial, happy churches on the desire in the human heart to advance *truth, righteousness and love in the world.* Though defeat and reproach be our lot to the end of life, we prefer to go down with this flag flying rather than to sail triumphantly over the waves with the flag furled. We prefer defeat to ambiguity on this, to us, the most important question of modern thought. We will accept isolation and a still more accentuated minority rather than an apparent majority based on any lesser principle.

This ambiguity is not of our mak-

ing or of anybody's making. It lies in the situation. The power and potency of ethics is as yet but little felt by any of us. The incoherence of any of our discussions is not to be marveled at when we remember that ethics, even in the two most liberal theological schools of America, the most progressive seminaries of theology in the land, claimed by Unitarians as their own, is but little more than an incidental study, left to the exigencies of the last funds, and is the last thing to be attended to. High scholarship on Old Testament history, profound learning concerning New Testament texts, much attention to Christian history, and then, if any time, strength or money is left, the foundations of society, the obligations of man to man, the duties and problems of to-day are attended to. When all this is reversed, there will be less obscurity and far less anxiety displayed in our discussions over these matters. It is in this conviction and this hope that we ask for the careful reading of the discourse in the Church-Door Pulpit department, and the other utterances in this paper bearing upon the same subject. We have no desire to close the discussion, and all carefully expressed opinions on this question will be published so far as our space admits.

We have no fears for the ultimate future of Western Conference. It will yet emerge into the clearness, which some day may bring fatness.

We have deemed it wise to express at the outset of the Conference year these anxieties and perplexities, so that there can be no misunderstanding in the future as to the problems which we have yet on hand, and the attitude some of us are to take towards them. We trust that the generous friends who desired to take hold of our hands at the last meeting of the Conference will, all the more, cordially accept them now after this frank expression of difference. They are doubtless more prepared to work with a conference that frankly admits a difference from their thought, than with a Conference that assumes an agreement which it does not hold. At any rate, love and sincerity are pledges of the fellowship and conditions of co-operation which will hold the Western Conference intact, and will make comrades of those who differ. This will bring to it in the future such success as it may deserve, the success that follows high lines. Like all highest success, it will be slow and sure, but it will be potent, lasting and far-reaching.

Fifty Years Old.

There should have appeared in our column of "Notes from the Field" last week an account of the semi-centennial anniversary of the little church at Geneva, held June 10 to 12; but the report, prepared with some pains, and under the immediate inspiration of the occasion was lost on its way to the printer, either through some mistake in the address or carelessness on Uncle Sam's part. We are obliged therefore to write out a second report from memory.

For once in this season of floods and dark skies, the weather was propitious, the sun shone bright and warm, too warm, except that we were glad to have it shine on any terms. The anniversary began with an evening service at the church, Mr. Fenn preaching a sermon on "The Religious Changes of fifty Years," with Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Blake to assist in the other exercises. Mr. Fenn gave a brief comprehensive review of the changes that have taken place in the world's religious belief and practice for the past century, illustrating his subject with quotations from the hymn writers, ancient and modern. Unity is the watchward of the present age, making itself heard not only in religion but in every department of intellectual life.

The next morning brought a large delegation from Chicago and other points near at hand, and at 10:30 a. m., we assembled again in the church to listen to a history of the church by Mr. Eddowes, one of its pastors and its most faithful friend still. Miss LeBaron followed with an account of the work of the first minister of the society, Rev. A. H. Conant, the hero of Robert Collyer's book, "A Man in Earnest." After singing the hymn written by Mr. Conant for the dedication of the church so many years ago, the people repaired to the spacious and handsome grounds of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Harvey, where a collation was served from tables scattered throughout the different rooms and overflowing into the piazza and grounds. The extreme warmth sent us out into the open air for the after-dinner speeches, which were delivered from the rear piazza, the listeners sitting under the trees, and showing remarkable patience through the rather long program. Mr. Penny, the newly-installed minister took charge of this part of the exercises, calling first upon Mr. Jones, who spoke briefly but eloquently of "A Faithful Prophet," R. L. Herbert, one of the society's most gifted and best-loved leaders. Mrs. Harvey came next with a tribute to another of the little flock's shepherds, Mr. Woodward, whom she characterized as "A Man Without Guile." Mr. Forbush was present and spoke of "Other Pioneers," telling us that the Geneva church was the eighth that was built west of the Alleghanies, where there are now between 130 and 140. Mr. Milsted spoke of the uses of such a church as this, both to its members and to the community and world at large. Mrs. Jarvis, with her white hairs and venerable looks, lent new grace and dignity to the occasion with her word of reminiscence of the "Early Women" whose faith and devotion helped to establish this small but living centre of liberal thought. Mr. Duncan extended a greeting for the State Association of which Geneva has always been a loyal member. Mrs. Harvey interrupted the program in a delightful and forgivable way, by begging a moment in which to speak the praises of "A Living Saint," and Mr. Eddowes who was thus happily stigmatised responded in a suitable manner. Mr. Byrnes, another pastor of the society talked on "Freedom of thought and Speech" and the present writer spoke a few words on "The Relation of Women to Religious Freedom"; trying to show how women had hitherto naturally and inevitably followed the guidance of their ministers and others in authority on those religious matters in which they have always been supremely interested, but how the progress of the times and her own growing powers now demand that she should strive for that wider understanding of these subjects that will lead to mental independence, the power to do her own thinking, and the courage to act thereon; when she will be far more service both to the church and its leaders than she has ever been before. A short original poem was recited by Mrs. Shepard:

> Oh, little church upon the plain!
> What is your story, loss or gain?

Mr. Blake spoke last in a humorous vein, that had a refreshing effect upon the rather weary audience.

Geneva may well congratulate itself upon the success of its anniversary, in point of the numbers attending, the unvarying interest of the program, and the deepening regard all must feel for a movement kept up with such labor and self-sacrifice. Mr. Jones called attention to the church's efforts to raise money for a parsonage, and urged contributions from friends outside. The future work of this little church should be the easier and more fruitful of results to all concerned, for the new hope, courage and enthusiasm engendered in this anniversary.

C. P. W.

Meadville Commencement.

The closing exercises of the Meadville Theological School took place on Wednesday and Thursday, June 15 and 16. On Wednesday morning the chapel service took the usual form of "experience meeting," heart-to-heart talks of reminiscence and hope among the students as they hold their last chapel meeting of the school year. These meetings are always of special interest both to students and outside friends. In the late afternoon was held the annual meeting of "The Ministers' Peace Society," at which Mr. Hosmer, of Cleveland gave the address. His subject was "The Tendencies to Peace in our Modern Civilization." A discussion followed. In the evening there was the usual service in the Unitarian church. Rev. Theodore C. Williams, of New York, gave the sermon to the graduating class, taking for his subject, "The True Marks of Apostleship." The congregation went from the church to the pleasant parlors adjoining, where the rest of the evening was spent in a social way. There was a meeting of the Board of Trustees on Thursday morning at which, besides the resident members, there were present Revs. John Snyder, William Chaffin, D. W. Morehouse and F. L. Hosmer. Several matters of interest came before the Board. Among them was an informal overture from some ministers of the German Evangelical Protestant church of America in regard to making such provision as would enable students for the ministry in this church to prepare themselves at the Meadville school. Some graduates of the school are already in the ministry of this free German fellowship and hold prominent positions therein. The matter was favorably discussed and referred to a committee for further consideration and a more definite proposition as basis of report and action. There are strong churches of this German fellowship in several of our large western cities. At this Board meeting the familiar presence of two members so long and so actively connected with the Board, was missed by all present, Mr. Alfred Huidekoper and Prof. Frederic Huidekoper. Indeed in all the meetings connected with the Commencement week their presence was missed.

The graduating exercises were held in the church. They were opened with prayer and Bible reading by Mr. Snyder, of St. Louis. President Carey presided, and at the close conferred the diplomas upon the graduates. The address to the class by Mr. Chaffin, of North Easton, Mass., was specially tender, helpful and appropriate. He referred to his own standing where they stood, now thirty-one years ago, and spoke of the inspirations that the work would bring. He referred in affectionate terms to his classmate, the late Rev. E. C. L. Brown, whose hymn was upon the morning program, a hymn really written in connection with that graduation of thirty-one years ago, but now printed and used for the first time. There were only three members in the present graduating class; but their essays, both in matter and manner, gave the impression of good quality to make up for the limitation in quantity. The subjects were: "Conservative Progress in Theology," by Walter E. Lane, of Saco, Maine; "The Relation of Material Prosperity to the Permanent Welfare of a Nation," by Amandus H. Norman, of Hamar, Norway; "The Historic Spirit in the Study of Religions," Mary Alice Tucker, of Elk Fal Kansas. All three gave evidence earnest aim and studious preparatio and the promise of efficient service the field to which they will find we come.

There is likely to be a large ente ing class the next year, and the scho will probably exceed in numbers past record; and this with a stea tendency to increase the preparato requirements for admission to t school. The work of the instructo is spoken of with appreciation. Pre ident Carey, in his position as pre dent, combines with his long and i timate knowledge of the school a his great kindliness of heart a cle sense of the needs of the instituti and what is demanded of it by t fellowship of churches it is special intended to serve. Altogether the i mediate future of our Meadville scho brightens, and it is to be hoped th the recently formed association of *alumni* may have an influence in rai ing the institution to a still high standard, and in strengthening efficiency for the spread of a fre reverent and rational faith.

F. L. H.

Men and Things.

No fewer than $20,000 worth of tick have been sold in England for the Wagn festival at Bayreuth. This is $5,000 wor more than was sold last year.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, in a work the Australian system of voting says th thirty-two states have followed the lead Massachusetts in adopting the new meth which does so much to prevent the bribi of voters, falsifying of returns and oth acts of political rascality.

THE story is told of a man in Racine w ordered a copy of Canon Farrar's boo "Seekers after God," just then out. In short time the other volumes ordered can but being out of the Canon's book the pu lishers wrote at the bottom of the invoic "No Seekers after God in Chicago."

ONE of the recent cyclones played a pra that is likely to get his fellow destructionis and mischief-makers into trouble. T *Evening Post* calls on the officers of t Humane Society to keep a sharp lookout their behavior, inasmuch as one of the has been found guilty of stripping a sma boy of nearly all his clothing, and leavi him in that unprotected condition on t homeless prairies.

A FIRM of German paper and cellulo manufacturers have just introduced into t market, under the names of the uni-colore and two-colored watertight cellulose pape a material that can be applied to the mo varied purposes. The paper can be used f book backs, table cloths, and as a tempora cover for roofs, as well as for packing good It can be laid on damp walls and as a coa ing for maps, and is far cheaper than parc ment. It does not become sticky throug heat, nor does it crack from the cold, as the case with oilcloth.

ONE of our exchanges tells of a new ev connected with the cigarette mania, in tw victims one a boy of nineteen, who w seized with convulsions having many of t symptoms of hydrophobia, except that did not manifest any dread of water; t other a young man who fell heavily to t ground while at work and was picked u unconscious, with features horribly distort and flesh turned purplish black. When revived he went into convulsions and die He had been warned that his continu smoking of four packages of cigarettes day would kill him.

A BRAHMAN of Benares has recorded h ideas of England. In general he thinl that all nations hate England though Ind recognizes those qualities of body a mind which make the English her be ruler. He thinks that Ireland is rapidly b coming pacified, under the influence of e ucation, which is lessening the power of t priests, and of rail and steam which a bringing Englishmen and Irishmen clos together. To disturb this growing harmo by Home Rule would be folly, and shou Mr. Gladstone come into power he antic pates civil war and a possible separation b tween the two countries, which in the eve of a continental attack upon England mig seriously affect the Indian Empire. H final verdict is: "John Bull lives in a sa and happy country and climate; he eats a drinks; he has one chief God—Mammon

Contributed and Selected.

A Ray of Light.

raight and bright it pierceth through,
ash of the infinite point of view ;
ss we its beam for e'en an hour,
mething is lost of life's rare flower.
is line of light with burning flame,
adeth from earth to heaven's fane ;
d he who reaches high may clasp
e hand of God, the first, the last.

MARY E. COLE.

. Louis, Mo.

Last Days in Texas.

AUSTIN.

Do you like Austin as well as San tonio?" was the frequent question ich greeted us during a few days ourn in the capital city of Texas. remembering the quaint charm of Antonio, with its wealth of his-c associations, and beholding the ny and varied attractions of Austin could only answer:

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away."

One can not fail to be impressed h the beauty of the situation which founders of Austin chose on the turesque bluffs of the Colorado er. Despite the drouth which still evailed, the second week in May, hills were clothed in green and the e-covered galleries and rose-scented vns of the many handsome private idences gave the city a most invit- aspect. It is the seat of the State iversity and other state and educa-nal institutions. Among them is Tillotson Collegiate and Normal stitute for the education and lustrial training of the negro. e State Capitol, said to be the gest State House in the United ates, is famous for its magnificence d for the price paid for it to a icago syndicate, namely, three illion acres of Texas land. It is [illegible] ed a stately pile, built of the nati[illegible] anite, and reminding one, in its [illegible] gn, of the capitol at Washing[illegible] lofty dome crowns the centre and de corridors lead to spacious wings either side, where House and Sen-e are elegantly quartered. The air of the Speaker of the House is nked by life-sized portraits of Gov-nors Houston and Austin, and the gnified senators sit facing full-length rtraits of Jefferson Davis and "Three-gged Willie,"—the pioneer nick-ame of Robert W. Williamson, whose ility as lawyer, orator and jurist d whose devotion to the interests of s adopted state in the times which ied men's souls, gave honor and re-own even to the wooden leg, which as his daily cross and burden. The gislature not being in session, quiet revailed throughout the building, ave at the headquarters of the Texas World's Fair Exhibit Association, here we found the President, Mrs. V. H. Tobin, a gracious and accom-lished lady, who is working with arnestness to arouse the interest and nthusiasm of Texas women for the oming Columbian Exposition.

The enterprise and public spirit of he citizens of Austin is shown in the mammoth task they have undertaken n the construction of "the largest am in the world," which extends cross the Colorado river, is to afford nlimited water-power and make Austin the manufacturing centre of he state. The length of the resisting vall is twelve hundred feet, its width t the bottom, upwards of sixty feet, nd the height sixty feet. The ar-ested river will form an inland lake over twenty miles in length, and the luffy wooded lands on either shore, suggest great park possibilities for he city. On the day of our visit o the dam, the river, swollen with re-cent rains farther north, and, from the wash of its clayey banks having the color and consistency of chocolate, dashed, swirling, eddying, foaming over the unfinished walls. As we stood on a projecting point below the dam, watching the wild toss and plunge of the angry current, which had driven the men from the centre of the works, a traveling crane swing-ing from its stout iron cable high in air, came gliding out from the overhanging bluffs and silently, irre-sistibly, like one of nature's forces, picked up one of the massive rectan-gular blocks of stone, and lifting it like a feather weight, bore it to its place in the solid wall of masonry. Two years have already been spent in the work of construction under the direc-tion of Colonel J. P. Frizell of Boston, and another year will yet be nec-essary for its completion. We turned away from this Titanic enterprise thinking what a tremendous factor is the educated brain and trained hand of man in changing and modifying the face of the world and the con-ditions of life.

The Unitarian society, under the care of Rev. E. M. Wheelock, partly sustained by a small appropriation from the American Unitarian Associ-ation, has been in existence but six months and already shows signs of a quite vigorous life. Its meeting place is an attractive hall, well lighted and ventilated and ample for the present needs of the society. On Sunday May 15th, in response to an announcement in the daily papers that the secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference would preach, an intell-igent audience of some seventy people gathered, and at the conclusion of the service, many lingered to greet the minister and express their cordial in-terest in the sermon. Mr. Wheelock has wisely recruited his congregation on lines of thought and work that "look out and not in," that keep well abreast of the time in which we [illegible] spiritual strength and joy to his people, and holds out to the lib-eral-minded emigrant to Texas one more excellent reason for seeking a home in Austin.

CAMERON.

Our first halting place in the state, becomes also our last, and this time the promise of our kind friend and host of a drive to his ranch, fifteen miles away, is made good. On Fri-day, May 20th, we sat behind a pair of Texas ponies for ten hours, and when did any ten hours of a day unroll be-fore us such a panorama of hill and dale, of winding wood roads, of wav-ing corn-fields and flower spangled pastures! The tender cotton plant was but a few inches above the ground, the corn stood shoulder high, the yellow oats were ripe for the sickle and the rich dark masses of abun-dant foliage contrasted the gay pro-cession of wild flowers which looked at us from roadside and field and woods in endless profusion.

"We'll go around by the William-son place and find M. R.," said our captain, and in the hunt for the W. place and M. R. we about doubled the distance to the ranch. For you must know that the road had been changed and through no fault of ours we missed it more than once. We opened many gates on third class roads, explored numerous lanes, ploughed through unfathomable mud-holes, out of which we only came with clean skins by grace of our sturdy team, and always M. R. was "just over yonder." With indomit-able pluck and perseverance, our leader dropped one trail and took up another, until the mythical M. R., as the doubting member of our party had dubbed him, was found. He materialized in the far river bottom, between his rows of luxuriant corn which filled the valley—a rolling sea of green.

Led by M. R., we found a new and better road out of the far bot-tom and were soon trotting over the flowery slopes of our friend's three thousand acre ranch. We followed the lithe and sun-browned ranchman, mounted on his nimble-footed pony, his lariat swinging from the pommel of his saddle, who led us regardless of roads to inspect the hundreds of sleek cattle and horses, browsing knee-deep in flowers and grass. The ample shade, the mimic lakes, constructed to catch and hold the rainfall on the surrounding slopes, the luxuriant grass, and the glorious sky overhead made up a bovine paradise, such as our eyes had never looked upon. This is the last of our sight seeing in Texas, and we turn homeward rejoic-ing in the vision we have had of this vast new empire, in the treasures of health and strength which we have gained and in the stock of pleasant memories which the last three months have garnered.

J. R. E.

Cameron, May 25.

Correspondence.

DEAR UNITY:—Some time ago I saw in your columns allusions to Mrs. Jenness-Miller, which to me seem a little unjust. Now I think UNITY the fairest of papers, and it will, I know pardon me for wishing to show the other side, or at least another opinion.

No one can deny that Mrs. Miller is doing a great amount of good to a certain class, whether it be from selfish motives or otherwise. She may be working for popularity or money, or both, but I believe she also has a de-sire to assist her fellow-woman in throwing off the bondage of wrong ideas in d[illegible] It has bee[illegible] that her [illegible] too expensive [illegible], and consequently can [illegible] none but the rich. Even if this be true, is it not a great and good work to assist rich women in discard-ing the dress that has warped and weakened their bodies for generations? Is it not noble to help even the very rich (and they need help) to health that their children may be stronger than their parents? What helps the body must help the mind. The Greeks were right when they said, "Anything that binds the body, puts fetters on the soul." Not long ago I read an article in UNITY which pleased me much. It was to the effect that even though the Unitarian doctrine did not take in the multitude, still it is the only religion that helps the higher classes, who, perhaps, need this spiritual aid as much as any one class. So, give Mrs. Miller the credit she so richly deserves, according to UNITY'S theory, the credit of helping the rich, physically, as Unitarianism helps the higher classes spiritually.

I would go farther, and say that be-cause a certain class of people wear union undergarments of silk it is no reason why others may not make them of cotton. If a divided skirt is more comfortable than an un-divided one, why may not I make mine of six-cent muslin if I can afford nothing better. If a dress made on one of Mrs. Miller's dress forms is more easy, graceful and sensible than one made in the old-fashioned way to drag on the hips and displace impor-tant organs, what is the difference what the material may be of which it is made? Because a woman must wear inexpensive apparel is no reason why it should not be made in a health-ful and artistic manner. Corsets are an expense, and Mrs. Miller discards them. They are certainly no more necessary to a cheap than an elegant dress.

One bright, sensible and tastful young woman has come under my notice, whose complete wardrobe is cut from Mrs. Miller's models and has been for three years. Her clothing, including everything from hat to boots, costs less than seventy-five dol-lars a year. That nearly all working women cling to the old style of dress with the tenacity of a man to his to-bacco, or a church to an outgrown and threadbare creed, is a lamentable fact. I may be wrong, but I fear the working women will never adopt a more comfortable manner of dress until it is made a fashion by the rich women. My investigation proves to me that it is the reading, thinking women who are adopting dress reform most extensively. If the rich would take it up, the shop, factory, and sew-ing girls would follow; but they will never follow the blue-stockings.

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Inclusive Religion.

PREACHED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, JUNE 5, 1892, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

"Lie not one to another; seeing that ye have put off the old man with his doings, and have put on the new man, which is being renewed unto knowledge after the image of him that created him: where there can not be Greek and Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman, freeman: but Christ is all, and in all."—*Colossians iii: 9, 10, 11.*

Among the very earliest recollections packed away in the memories of my childhood, spent in a log-house in a frontier neighborhood in the backwoods of Wisconsin, is that of one ominous black week, of which my childish mind could understand but little. But, very little boy as I was, I realized that it was a time of profound spiritual tension to my parents. It was a week of tears to the frail, sensitive little mother; of high earnestness, long debate, and, to my childish mind, of triumphant eloquence, on the part of my stalwart father. Morning, noon and night the house was filled with black-coated gentlemen, for whose comfort my mother cooked and toiled while they spent their days in the rude little chapel just over the hill and came back to their meals, and, inasmuch as ours was the largest log-house in the neighborhood, several of them were stowed away for the nights in accordance with that hospitality which is too often diminished as the houses grow larger and the materials for hospitality grow more abundant.

Subsequent experience and knowledge have told me that this grim, anxious memory of my childhood was a heresy trial, in which my father and mother were arraigned as culprits, and that the solemn conclave of ministers for whom my mother cooked the chickens had been summoned there from distant settlements to decide as to whether this father and mother should be allowed to retain their membership in the little church into whose fellowship they had been urgently invited, and which, in the loneliness and needs of the situation, they had accepted with the express understanding that they declined to subscribe to any creedal conditions of the church and that they distinctively retained the precious faith which was the dearest thing they had carried with them over the seas, the heretical faith of the "Socinians," as their critics called it, the faith of Unitarianism, as they themselves preferred to call it. On these terms the unsophisticated neighbors had been glad to avail themselves of the help and co-operation of my parents; and back of my earliest memories, there lay a few years of sweet communion, of true religious fellowship which my father and mother enjoyed in the primitive little chapel, the worshipers in which were rendered few and weak by the necessities of a foreign tongue, as well as by the exigencies of a new settlement in a new world. But with growing resources and increasing contact with the outer world, there grew in that, as in all other organizations of an ecclesiastical character, the inevitable apprehensions about doctrine. Visiting ministers found a canker of heresy at the core of this unsuspecting little back-woods church. This Unitarian, whose voice was lifted perhaps more often in devotions than that of any other member of the little band, whose mind was active in Sunday-school and Bible class, was suspected of "leading the young astray," and so, after the manner of Congregationalism, this council had been summoned and the matter looked into. My mother, with a nature keenly susceptible to spiritual suffering, was for withdrawing at once and thus saving the pain and the shame of a public investigation; but my father, made of yeoman stuff, discovered a *principle* at stake, an opportunity of compelling thought. The church society which, at its own solicitation, he had joined with open confession of difference, must now, in the interests of truth, he said, expel him on account of his convictions. They asked him in, they must now vote him out, he reasoned. Hence the trial had to be faced, and this one layman stood up in open court and successfully combated the clerical inquisitors. But when they found his position invulnerable, the line of attack was changed, and instead of arraigning the independent members, charges were preferred against the simple minister who first consented to the dangerous compact, and then my father relented and vacated his vantage ground. For the sake of the unsuspecting country parson, he did what he would not do for his own sake. He withdrew from the dreary business, leaving the society to fatten on its orthodoxy and himself and his family to hold evermore with added intensity the faith which holds that creed is more than dogma, life more than creed, and character more commanding than all formulas; that the holiest of words become impious and profane when used to mark a boundary of religious fellowship, sympathy and co-operation, or to shut out a single loving heart, a solitary aspiring nature, or any high thought or good impulse in all the realms of being.

I can never forget how I cowered between my father's knees and listened with awe, and sometimes with downright terror, at the impassioned discussion between the host and his guests. My father, though like a stag at bay defying his persecutors, was somehow able to do it in a way that did not make his hospitality less cordial or their appetite at our table less hearty. My audio phrase that remains in my memory white indelibly, the text which seemed to be both inspiration and ammunition for my father, was that which I have chosen as a text for this sermon on an Inclusive Religion. The text declares for the new thought, and the ideal religion found in the Christ spirit, where there can be no "Greek nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free"; but where all are lifted into that new manhood which gives the lie to those doctrines and forms which divide men. I can not measure the tremendous influence on my subsequent life, which that black week has exerted. It was a week of tears to the self-exiled mother, a week as it still seems to the fond son, of high thinking, superlative eloquence and undimmed moral heroism on the part of the father. Certainly, no one thing that happened in the first twelve years of my life, spent in that log house home, impressed me so deeply as that heresy trial, and no one text comes to me with more melodious and heroic accent than this, which I have heard so often wafted aloft in the morning prayer in that home where indeed the fireside was an altar and the "house-band" was a conscious priest of religion ministering thereat. It is a text which, in my inner ear, I always hear in the rolling richness of my mother tongue; and the thought of a religion where there can be no "Greek nor Jew, Scythian, bondman, or freeman," but all delight in a common manhood, was that which won me to the ministry. And as I look back over my twenty-two years of professional life, I grow daily more conscious that this thought has been my sustaining inspiration and solitary message. Take that away from me and you take my ministry away from me. Shape the most shadowy rim, made of the most seductive of phrases, beaten out of my own choicest thought, and you will leave me outside that rim. Outside, I am glad to stay, companioned there, not only by the spirits of those who gave me being, but, as I believe, by the seers and the prophets of all climes, times and names, the clearness of whose vision has always been determined by the sweep of their horizon, the penetration of whose prophetic power has always been proved by the divine *inclusiveness* of their statements.

It is not necessary that I should stop to verify this assertion. You are too familiar with the thought that the Jesus *spirit*, which reached from the sobbing sinner at his feet to the infinite God, and linked both with a sense of companionship, that encircled with its love Gentile and Jew, publicans and sinners, Samaritans, infidels and believers, skeptic and orthodox, is the spirit of all science, of all literature, of all philanthropy and true philosophy. We hold that the trend of thought, art and commerce is toward unity. We have tried to prove that the words which divide, the latest and most aggressive words Christian, Jew, agnostic, materialist, infidel, atheist, spiritualist, Unitarian, orthodox, Catholic, become meaningless in the presence of a passion to bear one another's burdens, to share the light, and to advance truth, righteousness and love in the world. Let this lead where it may and include whom it will, we have learned to trust it and to try to follow it. No one will deny that there is a tiding passion at the core of this nineteenth century toward unity. *Union* is the word of the century, co-*operation*, the watchword of our day.

I think there is no one here to deny that the one persistent and hopelessly dividing and separating influence in the world to-day is theology, dogmatic theology. The creeds keep the world to-day, as they have always done, in a ferment of antagonisms. Talk about the divisions of wealth or of party politics! These are weak and harmless compared with the divisions of the churches. See these mighty steepled houses, note their cost in the coin of heart and the coin of purse; feel the ferment in Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian and Catholic conclaves, and see how each distracts and divides the forces of life on dogmatic and doctrinal lines! Listen to the Sunday morning bells and note the jargon they ring. All along from the Vatican to 25 Beacon Street, Boston, the headquarters of the American Unitarian Association, there is a concern for heresy, an anxiety about the "Christian" *name*, an uncertainty about the thought of God or the honor of Jesus. This is not because these people are fools, not because religion is superficial or vague, but because *theology* in its very essence can never become the unifying principle of life. It is because they all have more or less staked money, organization, missionary schemes, usefulness and peace of mind, upon certain words, or forms of thought, which, if endangered, will threaten the future of these interests. Doctrines concerning the relations of things or of life to the Infinite, problems of eternity, questions of origin and destiny, will grow more and more varied in their statements. Upon these, men never can unite in a lasting peace. Mr. Judy well says in a recent article on this matter, "It is apparent to every student of religion that, if there is ever to be a union of all the churches of the world, some grounds of union besides theological statements must be found. Men show no signs whatever of agreeing upon a formula to express their ultimate interpretation of the facts of the universe, which is what we really mean by a theological statement."

I, no more than Mr. Judy or any other thinking man, have any reproach to throw upon such studie While finite mind finds itself in infinite world, it must brood up these problems and profit by su brooding. We only object to a attempt to enforce the conclusion one mind upon another, to pledge t future to any of these formulas. attempt to "promulgate a religion harmony with any statement of b liefs" is simply to bargain again another impossible thing. You m promulgate the statement, but yo religion is sure to drop out of the w sooner or later. Though that sta ment be made in the words of yo own choice, the moment you put legislative emphasis upon it, that m ment you stultify your own heart, a what before was the very bread of l offered by you to your brother becom a stone. The confusion increases, t situation becomes more entangling in the same breath you pledge to pr mulgate a religion as inclusive ethics, as broad as Truth, Righteo ness and Love, and in harmony wi a series of "belief statements." The two papers are not and can not made co-extensive. Sooner or la one must destroy the other.

What then have we to unite o Is religion less adequate to un the community than science, or l erature, or charity? No, there is conception of religion that is identic with all these forces carried to th highest potency, and that is the reli ion of the prophet and the bard of climes and places, the religion bas not upon theology, but upon ethi the religion of the moral law, the ligion of sacred purposes and not o sacred doctrine, the religion of a l and not the religion of a word. Th religion is not based upon a belief Jesus, a belief in God or a belief the immortal life; but in a thirst excellence, in a passion for helpf ness, in a humble quest for truth, a in a painful, perhaps stumbling tempt at rectitude, the age-long stru gle for righteousness. Out of these an appreciation of Jesus, t fulness of God and the hope of i mortality will surely grow in one fo or another; but it is a sad day for ligion when it tries to rest its cath dral on the spire, or to make the beautiful blossoms that are fragra on the boughs identical with, or substitute for, the fibrous roots human needs, human love, a human woes which feed the gr tree of that faith that makes for fa fulness.

It is not, I hope, necessary here dwell on this distinction between theological and the ethical basis of ligion. If still the line is vague or mea ingless to you who have waited up these ministrations year after year, th indeed has my preaching been vain, a this church is a shadowy unrealit Is there no difference between the r ligion of the open hand, the ki word, and the uplifted eye, and the r ligion which starts with an "I believe and ends with a "You must belie if I work with you"? Is there difference between the resolutions a synod, the proceedings of a counc and the hospitality of the minister a the cheer of the neighbor? Is the no difference between Presbyteria *ism*, and the good Presbyterian, b tween Method*ism*, and the kind Methodist, no difference between Jesu and the Pope, between the spirit Paul who knew neither "Greek, n Jew, bond or free, barbarian or Scyt ian," and the spirit which says, "u less you promise to promulgate a r ligion that has in it somewhat of Go Jesus and immortality, I have no har for you, no fellowship with you, u less you promise to say these hig and (because high) difficult, thing we can have no working basis t gether. Still further from the spirit Paul is that which says, "Yes, we wi say all these things, and know bo

ek and barbarian, if you will only ne and help us." Thus turning n the divine openness of the spirit he undevout ambiguity of the let- for the sake of companionship.

Friends, you know what an inspira- n this ethical basis has been to us. r church was cradled in the thought t. It has been strengthened in the rch for it, inspired and chastened his sacrifice and struggle necessary maintain it.

In this city, five years ago, there s formulated with great intensity of rit and sincerity of heart the most efully worded and intelligently ac- pted declaration of the ethical basis religion known in history. During se five years, there was one organ- tion of churches at least on this nd footstool, that was religious, vout, burdened with the sense of a ssion, with a rallying cry which nd response in hearts waiting to e and enjoy companionship with- t knowing "Greek, Barbarian, Jew, ythian, bond or free." This confer- ce of churches meant what it said, d said what it meant, when it de- red that it welcomed "all who wish join to help establish truth, right- isness and love in the world," and the same breath declared that no ctrinal test should condition its lowship. Under this great open nopy, this same Conference vent- ed with phenomenal caution a state- nt of "some things commonly be- ved," a "statement" for that date d day only; but even then, thirteen t of the seventy-two voted "Nay," fear, as the little tract says, "of in- nging on the liberty of the congre- tion." Some of us acquainted with e crystallizing tendency of organi- tion, knowing full well the stiffen- g habits of formulas, and somewhat nversant with the subtle growth of eeds, saw with the thirteen the dan- r, but with a generous faith in the ture we dared face this danger. Th- ner day, after the space of five sh ars, the apprehensions of the aw a us thirteen were justified, thee is a creeds was verified. What was at st thrown out tentative, fluid, as erature, simply as a "statement," as e preamble said, "of the past history Unitarianism and our present ths," was taken hold of firmly as a claration of future purpose as well. is statement of belief, which in 1887 tr-ed only backward and was cano- d by ethical openness, declaring inst all doctrinal tests, was, in 92, taken out from under the canopy d placed alongside of it as a co-ordi- a statement. It, as well as the pre- ble, was made by the Conference's rward looking as well as backward oking. The Conference declared it be its general aim and purpose reafter "to propagate a religion in rmony with the preamble and state- ent."

So unexpected a limitation of the clusiveness of the Western Confer- ce places the burden upon me of ating to you my objections to this tion and my regrets concerning it.

1. I object to the way in which the portant question was precipitated on the Conference, without warn- g and with a threat that a non-ac- ptance would be promptly followed important secessions. Societies ere interested which were not repre- nted as they would have been if asonable and legitimate announce- ent had been made; and some of the elegates appointed were not in their ats. The vote necessarily was gged, confused, and, in a measure, on-representative. Courtesy should uard such an organization as the Western Conference from the surprises hich more secular and less trustful or- anizations provide against by a tech- ical by-law.

2. I regret the important change ecause it seems to me a spiritual reach of trust with the subscribers to the twenty-five thousand dollar endowment fund, ten thousand of which bears the heroic name of Theodore Parker, all of which was subscribed and inspired by the thrill which went with the ethical purpose of the Conference and the non-doctrinal basis of a religious organization. Seven thousand seven hundred and eighty dollars of this fund was raised in this church and in response to a plea the motive of which you must well remember. All the way from Andover to the American Unitarian Association we hear the pitiable cry about funds committed to conservatisms. Doctrinal statements and dogmas are sustained in loyalty to the wishes of the dead. Here is one little fund that ought to be held sacred to progressive thought, to open fellowship. Here is a fund dedicated by the self-sacrifice of many of meager income to a religion based on ethics rather than on doctrine. The precipitancy of the vote did not permit any one to think of this obligation. So much the greater shame to us all! I confess my own delinquency and am powerless to answer such a correspondent as this. I quote from a private letter:

> "What is the obligation of the Conference to the contributors of the Endowment Fund? Every dollar of it was contributed to the work of the Conference on its Cincinnati basis. I, for one, am not willing my contribution should go to the support of a work whose basis of fellowship is less broad. I would rather turn it into my church or some other channel unless we can bring the Conference out again at its next meeting. I hope for that. Anyway, we must work for that.

3. Again I regret the vote because it was obviously one more sin against the law of verbal clearness, of which religious bodies have such a long list. It seems to be the genius of religious councils to discover and promulgate ambiguous phraseology, to choose spinning his web in the willd reveal "Very well," said their of this er, "you may watch him for five min- meant nothing and to others it meant much. Both these classes voted for it, hence it was carried. It was a mild illustration of that habit of juggling with words of which so-called religious bodies offer so many flagrant illustrations. If it meant nothing, it was beneath the dignity of the petitioners to ask, and of the Conference to grant it. If it meant something, it was right for the petitioners to ask for it, and the duty of those who believe the moral law is an adequate foundation of religious organization to hesitate long before they put so high and undopular a principle in jeopardy. Every attempt to amend so as to give unmistakable clearness to the resolution was rejected as apparently distasteful to those who voted for it, though for very differing motives.

4. But chiefly I object to it because to me it does mean much. It has put a creedal accent upon that "statement" which in 1887 was guarded so carefully and was meant only as a contribution to the literature of the cause we love. Only a creedal *accent* if you please, pledged indeed by word and preamble to a generous interpretation of the same. But all creeds are generously interpreted nowadays, even recklessly. In a rhetorical way we have often found ourselves saying, "I sign no creed for the future, not even one of my own phrasing." That is just the test that was put to me the other day. Will I pledge myself in a *general* way to work in the future for this *general statement* of my own choosing? And whatever of spirituality and ethical earnestness there is in me rises in protest against even such sweet tyranny. I reject the silken band, not simply or chiefly in the interests of my own intellectual freedom, which, in view of the certain oyster-like tendency of preachers to secrete their own prison-house as the years go by, I guard jealously; but because I want to hold myself free and untrammeled to stand on equal footing with him who does not know, or knowing, does not believe in the "*Statements*" to which this resolution is appended. There is lurking in this amendment an insinuation that our fellowship and our word may be broader than our work. I resent the insinuation. I regret the addition to this preamble and statement of 1887, of 1892, which pledges the Conference to "promote a religion in harmony with this preamble *and statement*." The emphasis is our own, and we are not unmindful of the charge of injustice it will arouse in other minds, claiming to be as "radical as any other, as devoted to the support of the ethical basis.

Tract No. 17, and all that it contains, is but one note in the oratorio of the religion I would promulgate. It is but one breath in the life of the Western Conference which I would work for. Throw it away, burn it, forget it, and still the Western Conference, if it stands for an ethical religion, remains with its work all before it, its convictions lying where its triumphs are—in the future. Before that vote the Western Conference was an inspiration to thousands outside of our fold, it was an invitation to the scientist in his laboratory, to the lover of nature in the forest, the lover of man in the slums of the city, to come and pool their earnings, share their doubts and their faiths with us without any stultifying reflections or expectations of intellectual uniformity. Now that flag, if not lowered, is furled. Its note, if not forbidden, is silenced. The atmosphere is changed. Yes, atmosphere! What is so potent, imponderable and persistent as atmosphere? Scientifically and spiritually it is the great source and sustainer of life. A cannon bal NEW YORK, wit has I have isfaction, the money ock you may throw your way, a mountain you may tunnel through, but the atmosphere holds you helpless in its embrace. You die from its mephitic stenches or you live and thrill with its bracing tonics. Why do people seek the mountain heights of Colorado, the balmy glades of Florida, the blossoming fields of California? It is for the sake of the *atmosphere*. Why do men flee from the pestilential path of the yellow fever, from the bacteria-laden neighborhood of small-pox and diphtheria? It is because of the atmosphere. Why do the scientists shun, as a rule, our dogma-ribbed churches? It is because the spiritual as well as the physical atmosphere is antique. As Dudley Warner suggests, both of them are mediæval. So I say the atmosphere of the Western Conference a month ago was a mountain air of courage. It caused the blood to throb with heroism. The Conference was forward looking, onward moving, open handed, seeking not a few of the "lost sheep" of the Unitarian "Israel," but seeking rather the unchurched thinkers, the unbaptized sinners who need not a Savior to die for them but a saving power alive in them. The Western Conference today, to me, carries an atmosphere of distrust in those very forces that alone make its life desirable.

If the Western Conference has lost nothing but its "atmosphere," it has lost most of that which made it dear to me and a joy to work and suffer for it. As another has put it, "The old Western Conference, with which and for which it has been a joy to suffer, is no more. It has half-way joined the majority, instead of standing in the clear until the majority had joined it. The Conference is so small a body that it is simply by holding up its ideals in religion, of which most men are afraid, and being loyal to them, that it can help men much. That affirmation of ours by its distinctness made us a real missionary force, and this distinctness we now largely lose."

How much we have lost of this distinctness I can not say, but I do know that only in that distinctness is there inspiration to me, and when we are asked to blur in the slightest degree a message so needed by the world, we are asked to vacate the most prophetic ground yet reached so far as I know by a religious organization of even forty churches. Travel westward in search of a religious organization that makes religion co-extensive with ethics, identical with the illumination of the moral law, and you may travel until you return to this spot from the eastward and you will find no such flag flying save that of the Western Unitarian Conference, and that flag is now, to say the least, furled and in a mist. O, brave Western Conference!

> "Thou wert as a lone star whose light did shine
> On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar:
> Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood
> Above the blind and battling multitude;
> In honored poverty thy voice did weave
> Songs to consecrate truth and liberty.
> Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,
> Thus, having been, that thou shouldst cease to be."

Dear friends, I am not unmindful of the apparant ungraciousness of this sermon. I keenly feel the pain it gives to many of you, my beloved helpers, to seem thus careless of considerations which have led you, with equal conscientiousness, to other conclusions. The pain which the delivery and publication of this word will give to many of my fellow-laborers can not be greater than I myself have suffered. If I make a mistake, it is not because I have not been forewarned by my friends, or because my own heart has not felt the pull. If, still further, I am to lose the confidence of my companions in the ministry, it is not because I do not prize that confidence, or because I am ignorant of the fact that I put it often in jeopardy. There was a grim humor in the sincere greetings of the brother minister in Boston the other day who seized my hand heartily with, "We are very glad to see you here and much obliged to you for not speaking, because, you know, you are such a fire-brand!" I would have been glad, and sought long of my conscience, permission to preach to you this morning on the "Dual Authorship of Genesis," Paul's "Doctrine of Justification," or some equally harmless subject, but I could not come with a hollow utterance. To you I have always worn my heart upon my sleeve, particularly at Conference times. Let my speech and not my silence prove to you that I can allow my friends the liberty of differing honestly from me and still be friends. I have been urged to keep silence for a year: "Give the new turn of affairs a new trial. Pull right along just the same and trust for the best." I've never learned how to put an interval between my thought and my word. This is my way of pulling and my way of trusting.

Three or four criticisms upon this question I must note hastily before closing:

1. "We are tired of contention. We want peace!" Peace does not come in a compromise of principle. How jealously do you real-estate men regard a cloud, however shadowy, on the title of the land you buy. Peace and rest come only from the unclouded character of your spiritual titles as well. Do you expect peace before even the picket line is driven in? Millions of Christians in the thrall of dogmas, forty Unitarian churches for five years have thought they were free from it, and now even they are tired and want to drop back into the trenches. God's columns

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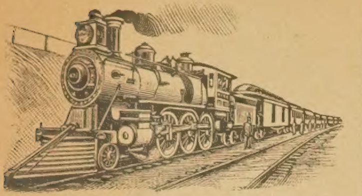

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